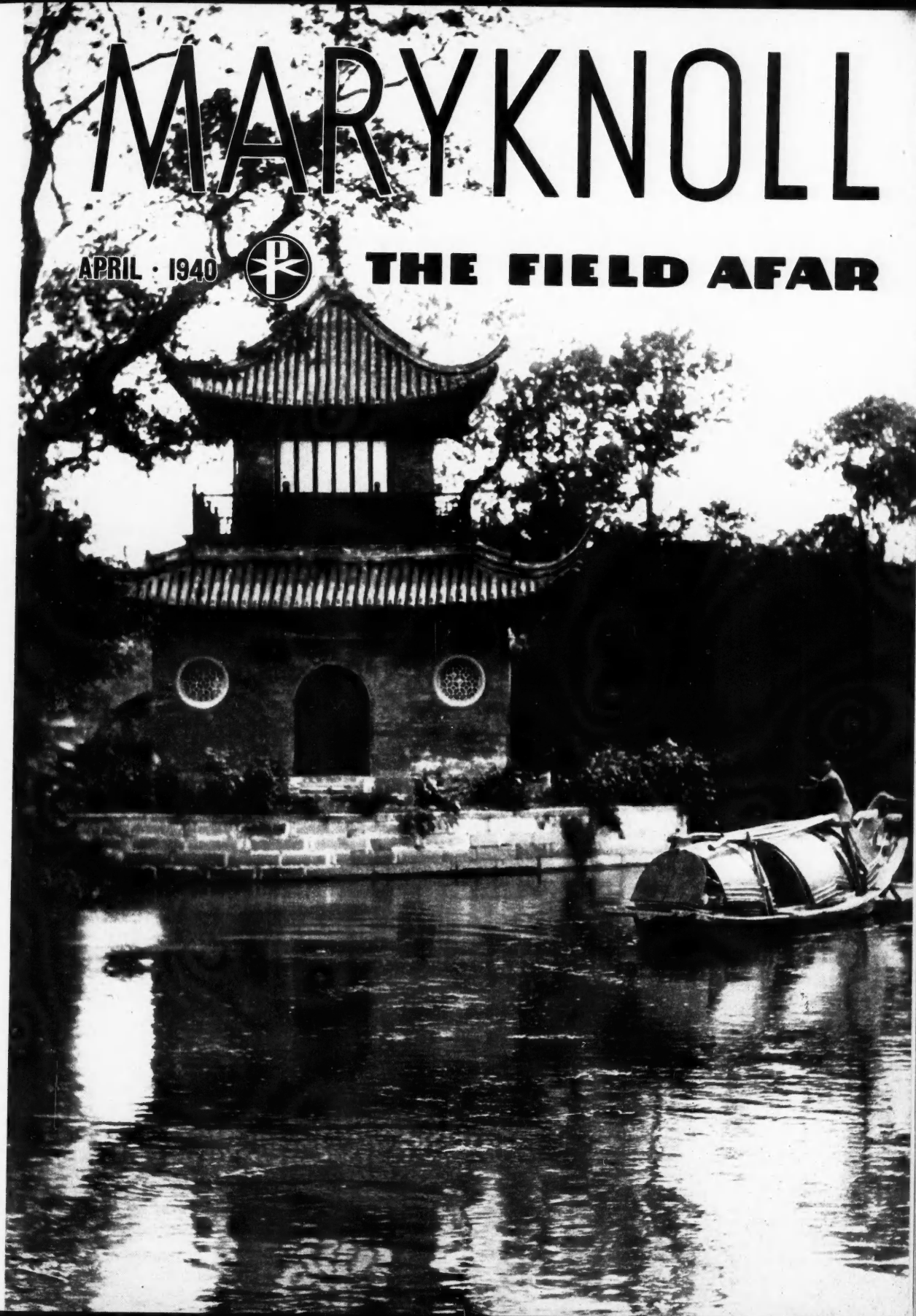


MARYKNOLL

APRIL • 1940



THE FIELD AFAR





lat
on
"co
thi
the
hol

MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which embraces two societies. • Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as

a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Chosen—Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.; that of the Maryknoll Sisters is the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.

THE FIELD AFAR

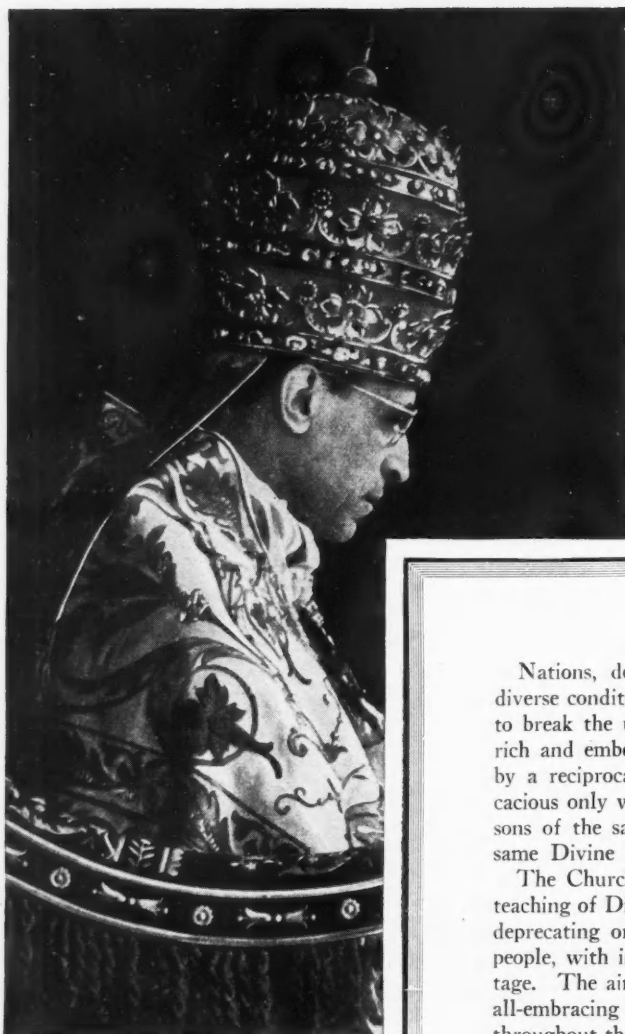
APRIL, 1940 VOL. XXXIV, NO. 4

Talk of the Missions.....	Rev. John C. Murrett	3
The Flemings Awaken.....	Father John Wakefield	4
Invitation to Faith.....	Rev. Robert W. Greene	6
Oriental Oddities.....	Vincent Renian	7
Picture Painting.....	Rev. Wilbur J. Borer	8
Old Manchu's New Bishop.....		10
Lam A Lin.....	Rev. John J. Tierney	11
Knoll Notes.....		12
Editorials		14
Selling on the Curb.....		16
The Maryknoll Sisters.....	Sister M. Eucharista	18
Dogged Fidelity.....	Bamboo Wireless	20
Be It Ever So Humble.....	Rev. John A. Fisher	21
A Second Spring.....	Rev. Edward A. McGurkin	22
Korean Close-up.....	Rev. Arthur F. Allie	23
Our World of Missions.....	V. Rev. John J. Considine	24
Among Our Friends.....		26
Maryknoll Newsfront.....	Father Winthrop	28
The Maryknoll Bookshelf.....		30
Maryknoll Addresses.....		32

PICKABACK

◀ The Korean mother needs no perambulator for lulling her little one to sleep. Instead, a "carrying tie"—a piece of thick cloth thrown over the back of the "carrier"—holds the child in place.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1 a year; \$3 for four years; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make check or money order payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. **THE FIELD AFAR** is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.



. . . ALL MEN

Nations, despite a difference of development due to diverse conditions of life and of culture, are not destined to break the unity of the human race, but rather to enrich and embellish it by sharing their peculiar gifts and by a reciprocal interchange of goods which can be efficacious only when a lively sense of charity unites all the sons of the same Father and all those redeemed by the same Divine Blood.

The Church of Christ, the faithful depository of the teaching of Divine Wisdom, cannot and does not think of deprecating or disdaining the characteristics which each people, with intelligible pride, cherish as a precious heritage. The aim of the Church is a supernatural union in all-embracing love, deeply felt and practiced by all men throughout the world. The aim of the Church is not an exclusively external and superficial unity, weak by its very nature.

The Catholic Church has repeatedly shown, in her missionary enterprises, that such a principle of action is the guiding star of her universal apostolate.

In every age, pioneer research and investigation, involving sacrifice, devotedness, and love on the part of her missionaries, have been undertaken to facilitate a deeper appreciative insight into varied civilizations and to put to account their spiritual values for a living and vital preaching of the gospel of Christ.

In such usages, whatever is not inextricably bound with religious errors will be subject to kindly consideration and, when possible, will be sponsored and developed.

"The Destiny of the Church to Win All Men" is a new brochure prepared at Maryknoll. It is composed of excerpts from the encyclical "Summi Pontificatus," of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, on the unity of human society. A few of these excerpts are given on this page. Copies of the complete brochure will soon be available.

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

El Camino

The young people of Spain are building solidly on old foundations. That magnificent mission spirit of the early padres which we see evidenced so well on our own west coast still has a place in the hearts of the Spanish people. One of the first things to which the children of Spain returned, after the horrible holocaust of war, was their interest in foreign missions. They picked out the Vicariate of Anking, South China, to benefit by their prayers and sacrifices; they started mission-study groups and pushed the mission ideal to such an extent that it looks as if most of the mission lands will share in young Spain's activities. They used the radio, the press, the stage, and every modern means available. Many of the leading theaters permitted them the use of the stage for mission plays, and in most cities the civil authorities sponsored the movement by presiding at various functions. The sterling faith of the old padres marches anew.

Who's Afraid

No one ever welcomed a trip, for any purpose whatsoever, to the mountains of Antzehsien, in North China. Old wives' tales of atrocities forced trespassers away, and the wickedness of the mountaineers became almost proverbial. The Catholic Action group of Hungtung, however, listened not to the tales, but, armed with the gospel of Christ, went up to the mountain. Now the people of the valleys are wondering what miracle could have been worked, since the score or more of catechists return safe and sound to the valley each Sunday after teaching the supposed desperadoes. The boomerang comes to the people of the lowlands, who are beginning to have a healthy respect for that doctrine which influenced their "uppity" neighbors.

Outdoor Funeral

Father Jacques, an almost-pioneer Maryknoller in Manchukuo, was probably the first in that land to celebrate an outdoor funeral Mass. The town's tycoon was not a Catholic himself, but his mother was, and at home she laid down the law. Her dying request was that she should have a strictly Catholic funeral. When the day for the obsequies arrived, both Father Jacques and the widow's son knew that the church was far too small to hold all the townsfolk who must—out of reverence for their lord—attend. So an open-air auditorium of straw matting was erected in the tycoon's own courtyard. After the Requiem High Mass the whole procession moved out through the village streets to the cemetery, and now Fa-

ther Jacques is wondering how he will be able to handle all who have since developed an interest in the Church.

Palmistry

Saint Joseph has a busy time of it. It seems to be the policy in most missions to call upon Our Lord's foster father the moment that funds begin to run low, and many are the tales of the poor saint's ready response.

Reverend Joseph Diehl, S.M., missionary in Samoa, said a prayer to Saint Joseph and then sat down to write "home" for badly needed funds. He was almost annoyed—just as he seated himself to the task a stranger dropped in for a few minutes' chat. Father Diehl saw his unfinished letter before him, as the minutes drifted away with talk of everything from stamps to stoves. When, finally, the stranger decided to "call it a day," he shook hands with the missionary, and pressed into his palm—

Saint Joseph must have realized that letter writing is an awful task!

Idleness Is

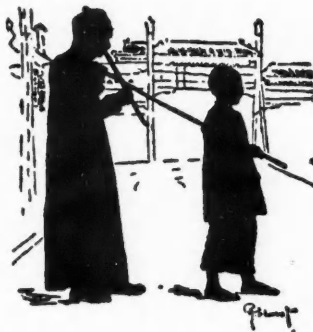
Few mission reports from war-torn China are more fascinating than that concerning the work done by the Chinese Tertiary Sisters of Saint Francis in Hankow.

In spite of anxious hours, with "bombs bursting in air," the Sisters treated 136,551 patients and cared for 17,299 refugees. During free time, the Sisters instructed 74,964 adults in religion and prepared 1,519 for Baptism. In their orphanage are some

200 infants, and their schools have an enrollment of 1,922 pupils. These figures seem to provide plenty of opportunity for work, but the Government—to show its approval of the Sisters' efforts—has honored these good women by appointing them to give anti-cholera injections in areas where ignorance of vaccination has made people timid. Don't be deceived—there is no army of Sisters in this community: only 63.

Sundays and Holidays

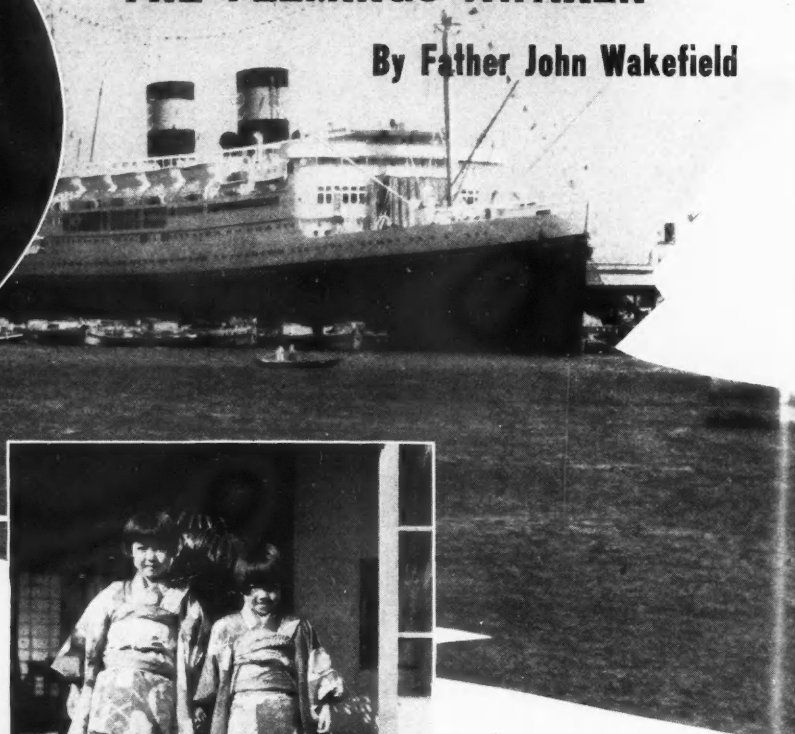
The Jesuit scholastics of Zikawei began a splendid type of apostolate when conditions in Shanghai were at their worst. Contacts established by these young apostles during those trying days led to further visiting of the sick in various hospitals. These visits in turn brought so much cheer and contentment to the patients that the nurses in one hospital asked to have Sisters come and instruct them, also. The reward of this splendid example of Catholic Action, done during the scholastics' free time has been the conversion of many of the hospitals' patients.





THE FLEMINGS AWAKEN

By Father John Wakefield



Kathleen Fleming's dream of the Orient began when the S.S. Persia steamed out of San Francisco harbor and sailed away to the land of kimono-clad children.

GOODBYS were over, serpentine streamers had snapped, and the S.S. Persia moved out of San Francisco bound for the Orient. Mrs. Fleming and her daughter Kathleen stood at the railing for some time.

"I'm beginning to feel better already," said the mother. "Perhaps the doctor was right, after all."

"Of course he was," Kathleen agreed. "This trip is going to do both of us a lot of good."

On the way to their stateroom Kathleen spied a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that the Holy Sacrifice would be offered every morning at seven o'clock in the second-class lounge. The Flemings were daily at Mass in their parish church in Cincinnati, and both were delighted with the promise of the same privilege on this trip.

Later that day Kathleen ran laughingly into her mother's stateroom.

"Mother, I met the priest! He has a long beard, and I thought he was a Jewish rabbi. But when I saw him walking up and down the deck, reading what looked like a priest's breviary, I realized my mistake. When he finished I introduced myself, and Mother, he's delightful! He's a French missionary, returning to Japan; and I asked



him to come and have tea with us this afternoon."

From that day till the steamer reached Yokohama the Flemings managed to see Father Landais, the missionary, often; and Kathleen asked so many questions that her mother had only to listen while the other two talked. The priest had left his native France

twenty years before for the diocese of Osaka. In that long period he had never returned to the homeland. The war had hit the missions of Japan a severe blow. Young, zealous priests had been withdrawn, and the supply of money from Europe had dwindled to an insignificant sum. The work of years was threatened with ruin, and some one had to go out and beg. So the bishop had sent Father Landais to the only country under the sun that seemed worth visiting for such a purpose. When he was asked why he had taken second-class passage, he naively answered it was because his friends had insisted that the steerage was out of the question.

Mrs. Fleming became deeply interested, but was somewhat taken aback one day to learn that Father Landais had been in Cincinnati, and had preached in her parish church on a Sunday when she herself must have been

present, though probably too far back to catch anything more than the idea that a strange priest was asking for alms. On that occasion she had perhaps dropped a silver bit into the box as he passed, and then turned hastily to her prayer book. She was quite ashamed to admit this seeming indifference, and, as it might make her new-found friend feel that his plea had been a weak one all along the line, she said nothing.

Before the trip was over, Mrs. Fleming and Kathleen had learned much about Catholic missions. As the great steamer made its way through a maze of fishing-boats in the harbor of Yokohama, they began to realize that, while there would be pleasant memories of dainty people, quaint architectural effects, and charming scenery, they were likely to have other recollections more precious—of the noble-souled Father Landais and his spirit of cheerful sacrifice.

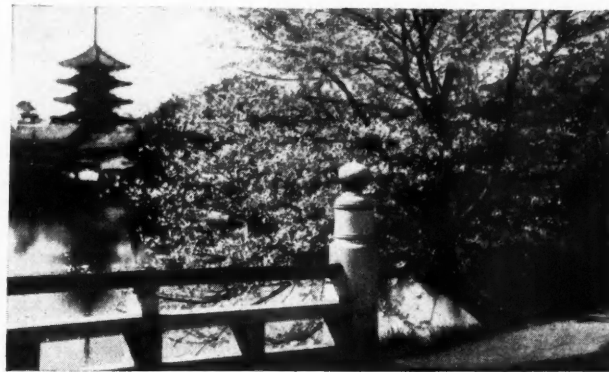
The two women, strangers in the strangest kind of land, felt as if they had lost a father when the priest departed. On the third day they reached the great city of Tokyo, and found themselves hungry for something homelike.

They tried to locate the

cathedral, but no one seemed to direct them properly and only later did they learn that they should have asked for the "French church." Then they determined to look for the Convent of the Sacred Heart, about which Father Landais had often spoken.

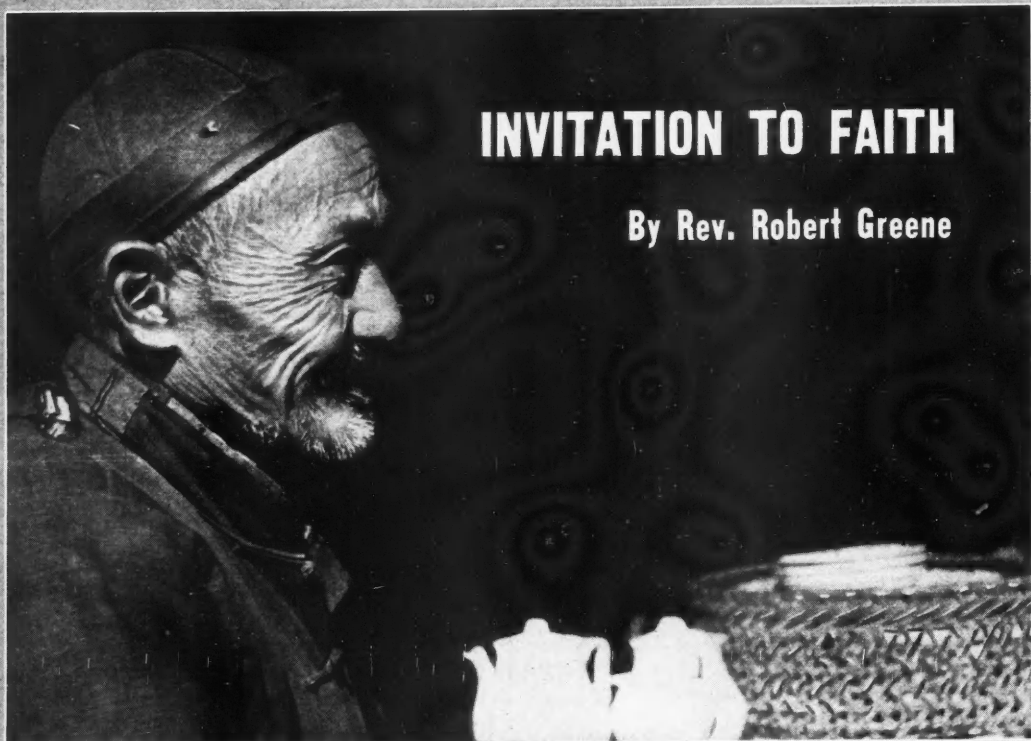
They had the street and number and found the place without difficulty. It was the First Friday of the month, and even as they entered they recognized the familiar strains of an *O Salutaris*. The smell of incense that floated down the corridor from the open door of the chapel was like a breath from heaven, and, eagerly as a child runs to its returning parent, they hastened to the fragrance of the ointment of their enthroned Jesus.

The next day the Flemings went to Mass at the convent, where they also breakfasted and planned for the day's visiting. A week later, as (Continued on page 10)



It was April and the season of cherry blossoms. Many-storied pagodas were reflected in the deep violet blue of the lake. Life in the city was the same as at home, except for the difference in dress.





INVITATION TO FAITH

By Rev. Robert Greene

Cheng's invitation brought joy to Kweilin, but the acceptance—disappointment. There still remain faith, however, and the hope of charity.

OLD Mr. Cheng had much to think about as he wound his way back over the mountains to Yellow Bird Village. Cheng had been in Kweilin for three days transacting business, and while in our town stayed at the home of his cousin, Cheng Loo. Now Loo is an ardent Catholic, and, since Cheng's visit included Sunday, the old man was taken along to church. The example of faith found in Loo's home, the fervor of our Kweilin congregation, and the grace of God surmounting all, prompted old Cheng to ask Monsignor Romaniello that a priest be sent to his village so that the people might hear something of this beautiful doctrine. Two days later I set off early in the morning with our one and only catechist.

It was late afternoon when we reached the crest of a ridge that overlooked a tiny valley of jewel-like beauty, inlaid in a setting of odd yet beautifully formed mountains for which this part of Kwangsi is famous.

We paused to view the scene of calm and peaceful

beauty. We were the first missionaries to visit that spot, and tomorrow, for the first time, the Creator would come down upon a rude altar and dwell incarnate in the beautiful valley He had called into existence. The thought of this made aching muscles relax and fatigue vanish.

Old Mr. Cheng, with several of the elders, met us outside the village. Their reception was very cordial. Cheng had been telling the others of the wonderful things he had heard in Kweilin, and so eager were they to hear for themselves that we were discussing the doctrine and answering questions far into the night.

Early the next morning we got out the Mass kit and prepared an altar. Curious pagans wandered in and out, talking loudly; mothers called to their children; dogs barked. All this and more we had to contend with, as we began the Sacred Mysteries. And there, amid the babel of sounds and confusion, the Lord of All came down in Yellow Bird Village to visit with His children, who were all unconscious of His divine presence.

We spent several days among the good people of the village and felt that we were leaving old friends as we packed up to leave. Just as we were about to go, an old, white-bearded man came to speak with us. "Father," he said, "I've grown old in this (Continued on page 25)

ORIENTAL ODDITIES

IN China, the many varieties of charms against disease, ill luck, and evil spirits are the curious expressions of a native religion called Taoism, which has its roots deep in the philosophy of Chinese civilization.

Chang Tao-Ling, the historic founder (A.D. 34), was a hermit who lived in the Dragon-and-Tiger Mountain in Kiangsi. He compiled a book of charms which were beneficial against demons and diseases. But the services of Chang Tao-Ling were costly, and a charge of five bushels of rice for each consultation earned him the nickname of "Rice Grabber."

His magical powers were more potent in memory than in reality, and he left to his descendants who followed his profession the honorific title "Heavenly Master" or "The Master of the Heavenly Way." Like that of the Tibetan Lama, the soul of the "Heavenly Master" was thought to have transmigrated to a proud heir who would be acclaimed as "Master" as soon as he worked his first miracle.

In contemporary China, there is still a widespread credence in charms, unshaken by the adoption of Western manners and mechanics.

Many of the Taoist monasteries were destroyed or converted into public buildings or schools during the Chinese revolution, but the monasteries that remain are still the purveyors of charms. Buddhist monks also deal in charms. Whether or not they derive theirs from Taoism, or vice versa, is a disputed point. These charms are written on colored paper and bear the picture of the god Wei-to. Like the Taoist writings, they are often suspended from the roof beam in the principal room of the house. The sale of charms by the Taoist and Buddhist monks was the source of considerable revenue in former times.

In the rural areas, charms made by a local sorcerer, if no monks are available, may be seen hung up in houses, placed over doorways, affixed to trees, or carried on the person. The padlock necklace commonly worn by baby boys in China is not an ornament but a charm. Among the affluent, this is of silver; the poorer use baser metals; the very poor are satisfied with a red string on which are strung one or more pieces of cash—that is, a brass coin with a hole in the center, worth about one-tenth of a Chinese cent. The padlock and chain are supposed to bind the child to this life and to prevent harmful spirits from causing its untimely demise. The Chinese are not so concerned about the girl babies, and, strange to relate, the evil spirits do not seem to bother about them, either! The use of red string and cash has also an additional meaning: coins of an ancient vintage are believed to possess some special efficacy in relation to longevity. By wearing them the children have some claim to a long life—however precarious.

We have frequently seen sufferers from infections or blood-poisoning come to a mission dispensary with a red string tightly bound around the diseased arm or leg. The poor patients have relied on the red string to prevent the infection from spreading beyond the string. The fact that they come to our dispensaries is evidence of their weakening faith in this kind of medical help.

China is a man's country. A wife who fails to present her husband with male offspring is indeed to be pitied. So great is the desire for boys to perpetuate the family that many superstitious practices have grown up which are not only interesting but touching. Many pagan deities are approached for this boon; particularly the Goddess of Mercy, who is a great favorite in many sections. Sometimes a votive offering of one little baby shoe is presented to the image of the goddess; and, if the favor is granted, a thank-offering of the other shoe is then given to complete the pair of shoes!

In one village of converts a missionary found that some of the young mothers, although going to confession regularly, refrained from receiving Holy Communion. An investigation revealed that a local leader in witchcraft had become alarmed because so many converts were being made to the Faith, thus reducing his source of income. He made a study of the Catholic doctrine and practices and then spread the rumor all over the countryside that those Christian women who ate the "White Wafer" of the Foreign Devil Missioner would not bear male children. The country women, uneducated as they are, despite their Faith, fell victim temporarily to the wiles of the witch doctor. Fortunately the missionary happened to visit this village while the master of the black art was following up his schemes among the pagans in the same place. Confronted by the missionary and threatened by the Catholic men of the hamlet, he admitted that he had spread the fable to safeguard his own clientele from conversion to the Faith. The sorcerer having thus "lost face," his poison was rendered harmless, and the Catholic women returned to the reception of Holy Communion, penitent and disillusioned.

On city walls, especially near the gates, one often sees large tridents painted in calcimine. These are supposed to repel malignant spirits from the city.

The resort of the unlearned to such charms indicates an inborn conviction of some supernatural force, and an acknowledgment of man's need for supernatural aids in overcoming those forces beyond his understanding. While it is no easy task to uproot such superstitions, the missionary frequently finds that this innate craving of the human soul for contact with, and knowledge of, the supernatural predisposes prospective converts to welcome the Church's divinely revealed doctrines of God and religion as that heavenly boon which his very soul craves.



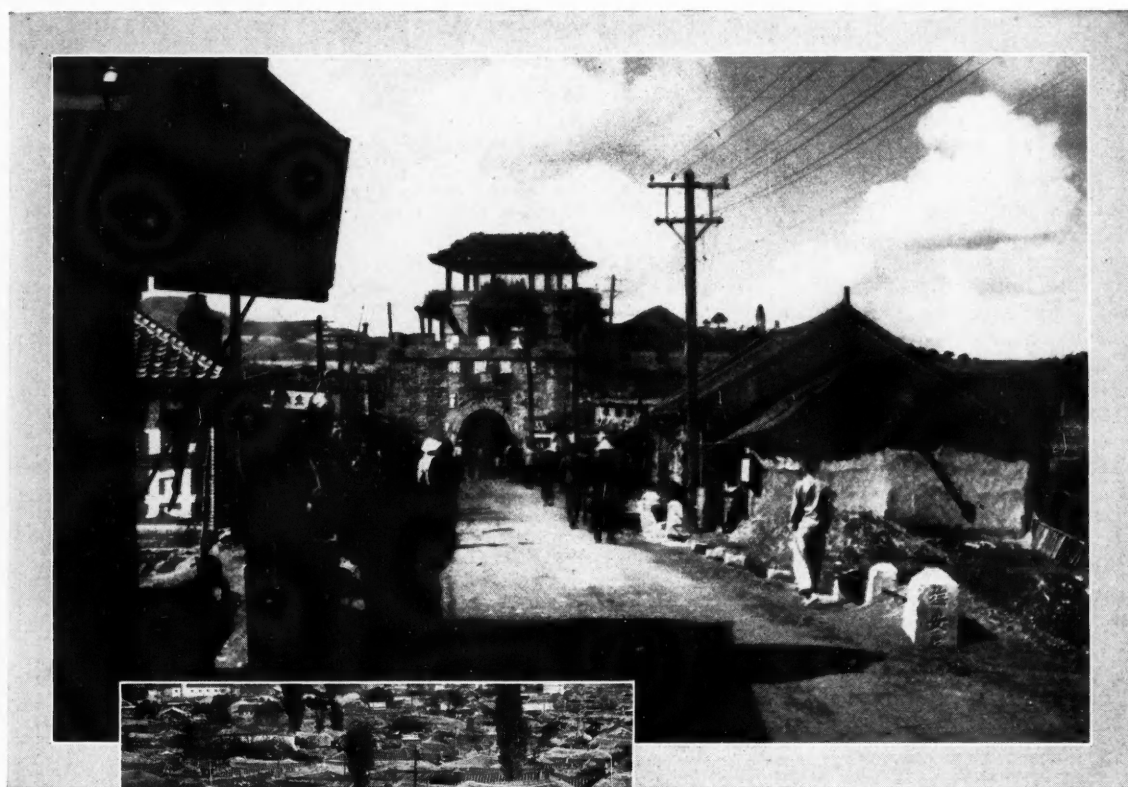
A Brooklynite in far-off Chosen met spring rains, bad roads, and some very kind people. Father Wilbur J. Borer could look above the mud.

IN the middle of a market town, called Moon Tong, I was bicycling briskly along—and then it happened. The first thing I knew, I didn't know anything. When I picked myself up, I saw that my "bike" was in three pieces. My hands were scraped, various parts of my body sore, and my clothes badly soiled, but I was glad that the fork of the bicycle had broken in a town where the road was fairly smooth, rather than in some isolated spot on a rock-strewn road, or while crossing a bridge close to the unguarded edge.

Soon a few natives came along, evidently much surprised to see not only an Occidental, but one in such a condition. One of them brought me a basin of water, and I washed my scraped hands, while others picked up the parts of the bicycle and carried them to a repair shop. However, since the next day was an important Korean holiday, the shop had closed in anticipation. Not knowing what to do, I decided to stop in at the local doctor's office and have my hands and one knee daubed, while thinking over the next move.

The Korean doctor gave me immediate and efficient care; and, when I offered payment, he refused to accept anything. I urged acceptance, but he would not take a fee, although he had not the least idea who I was, or what. I could do no more than thank him for his kindness and return to the street.

Although such an incident would naturally excite the curiosity of village people, out of respect for my being



Below were clusters of thatched roofs and the village wall. Near the shore a Korean woman was washing clothes.



a stranger nobody asked any questions save the usual polite ones about where I had come from and whither I was bound. I suggested that it might be well to leave the bicycle and walk the six or seven miles to Kosai. One man said that it might be possible to arrange for a truck to take me. An autotruck loaded with wheat was to leave for Kosai after official inspection of its load; and, although it was not supposed to take any other freight, the men tied my "bike" on top. Passengers were forbidden also, but the driver told me that if I would walk out beyond the border of the town they would pick me up there.

A lad of about fifteen walked out a half mile with me, and we waited an hour for the truck to arrive. The sun was nearly setting when the violent tooting of a horn testified that the auto was extricating itself from the village, and a few minutes later we were in the driver's

compartment with three others.

At Kosai the driver refused to accept payment for either the freight or my passage; but, as the next day was a holiday, I forced upon him a bit of money to buy cake for himself and companions. This kind and courteous treatment was accorded by pa- (Continued on page 31)

OLD MANCHU'S NEW BISHOP

FOR the third time within a year, a Maryknoller has been chosen to rule as bishop over a flock in the Orient. Last September, Bishop Donaghy was consecrated as Vicar Apostolic of Wuchow, South China. On the feast of Christ the King, Bishop O'Shea was consecrated in Rome as Vicar of Heijo, Chosen. On February thirteenth, word was received that Monsignor Raymond A. Lane was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Fushun, Manchukuo. At this writing no word has yet been received as to the time and place of his consecration.

Bishop Lane was the first Superior of the Fushun Mission, which was inaugurated in 1926. Three years later, he was elected to the Center Council at Maryknoll, where he acted also as rector of the Major Seminary. In 1932, the mission of Fushun was erected as a prefecture and Monsignor Lane was reappointed as superior.

The Bishop-elect attended St. Mary's School, Lawrence, and St. John's Preparatory School, Danvers, Massachusetts, before entering Maryknoll in 1913. After ordination in 1920, he served as procurator for the young Society until 1923, when he left for Hong Kong to take charge of the Maryknoll Procure in that city. Two years later he was journeying north to begin his language study in the land of the Manchus.

The Center of the Maryknoll Mission in Manchukuo was established at Fushun in February, 1927. This city was chosen because of its advantageous location with respect to the rest of the mission. Maryknoll's territory there is larger than the State of New York and includes besides Fushun—the famous coal-mining city—the important port of Dairen and the city of Antung.

The mission territory has a population of 5,000,000—native Manchus, Japanese, and Koreans. Of these, some 9,500 are Catholic—an increase of 5,000 in ten years. The mission personnel today includes: five native priests, 28 Maryknoll priests, two Maryknoll Brothers, 29 Maryknoll Sisters, 52 native seminarians, and 44 native aspirant Sisters. There are 21 missions with resident priests, and 33 stations. In the eight dispensaries established, 45,000



Bishop Lane, Vicar Apostolic of Fushun

cases are treated each year; and in orphanages and homes for old people some 300 inmates are cared for. Fushun has also founded a Mission-arts Guild, with industrial schools for both boys and girls. That of the boys specializes in wood-carving. The girls, under the direction of a Maryknoll Sister, have developed a form of liturgical vestments and altar decorations which is distinctive. More than 1,000 children are enrolled in schools of the mission, which employs 112 teachers and catechists.

There is promise of a great future for Manchukuo, and we ask the prayers of Maryknoll Members everywhere for the enterprising Mission of Fushun and its shepherd, Bishop Lane.

THE FLEMINGS AWAKEN

(Continued from page 5) they said goodbye to Tokyo, it was with a feeling that they were leaving home again.

The month among the islands of Japan passed all too quickly for the Flemings, who soon cast aside guides and guidebooks and trusted to priests, Brothers, and Sisters along the way to tell them what was worth visiting. In every city they found friends among these self-exiled servants of God, friends whom they seemed to have known all their lives and whom they hoped to keep always in remembrance.

After a somewhat stormy return passage across the Pacific, they reached home safely. Mr. Fleming, as he looked fondly on his wife and listened to her animated description of their travels, remarked that she seemed like a "new woman."

"I hope I am," Mrs. Fleming answered. "I feel as if I had a new mind and a new body. I am taller and can see outside of Ohio; my eyes are better and can sweep the oceans; and my heart, while it clings to home more lovingly than ever, beats with sympathy for the heathen world and for the brave missionaries who are striving to convert it. As for Kathleen, watch her, or one of these days you will get a letter from some convent in the Far East, saying that she has developed a special taste for yellow—when there are white souls under it."

LAM A LIN was the daughter of a wealthy business man in Canton. Being a girl, and a very tiny one, A Lin occupied a very inconspicuous place in the family circle.

Just about the time she was learning to toddle around, the child began to admire the fine home in which she had been born and the small army of slave girls who danced attendance upon her. Then one evening, when Papa Lam returned from business not feeling very well, there was a great commotion. To little A Lin it meant nothing, but to others it had ill forebodings. The breadwinner on whom so many depended was seriously sick.

Many physicians were called. Among them was a very famous one, who was a friend of the family and a Catholic. A consultation was held, and the verdict was death in a few hours: hard news to break to a friend, yet harder to bear by a man whose all was staked in this world. Without delay the Catholic friend advised preparation for another world.

It took but a short time to make the sick man realize that such advice was something to be considered seriously. He had heard of the Church, had met the resident priest, and liked the doctrine, but a big obstacle was in the way: he had five wives. The doctor added entreaty to his pleading; although the sick man wished to be baptized, he feared lest the obstacle be too great. Just before unconsciousness came on, the saving waters were poured; the sins of a lifetime were washed away, and another regenerated soul was ushered into the joys of eternity.

That left A Lin without a father and ere long without a mother, too. Wife Number One claimed most of the estate. A Lin's mother, wife Number Four, decided to try her fortune elsewhere and did not want to be encumbered in her new life with a girl child. So Number Three, who had a son of her own to look after, took pity on A Lin and adopted her. Divine Providence rewarded such generosity with the gift of faith, in which little A Lin became Rose.

One day not long after, Mrs. Lam, formerly wife Number Three, appeared at the dispensary. For some



LAM A LIN

By Rev. John J. Tierney

years she had suffered from sores on her ankles that healed very slowly, only to break out again in a very short time. I suggested that she visit our doctor at Ngai Moon. In a few days she returned with a definite diagnosis: it was leprosy. Mother Lam took her place among the living dead at our Leper Asylum, where missionaries assume a task from which others shrink.

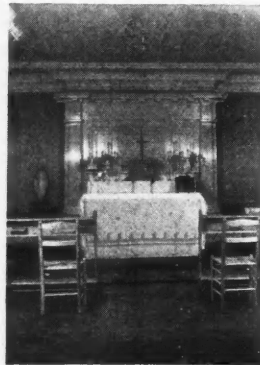
Once again A Lin, now Rose, is orphaned, but this time a new mother, our sweet Mother Mary, finds another little rosebud in her garden.

APRIL KNOLL NOTES

WHY don't we hear more about the intimate little details of Maryknoll?" asks an old subscriber. And he goes on: "One of the touches that THE FIELD AFAR used to carry, and one which all your old-time readers must miss as much as I do, was a reference to the farm: the cows, each of which had a name; the lambs and the sheep pasturing near the Sisters' house; the horses — especially 'Starlight'; the pigs and chickens; and the old broken-down Ford. In those days we could picture the happy activity of the Knoll-top and chuckled with you over the leaks in the ceilings and the dry cistern. Is it possible that those good old days are but a memory?"

Yes, brother reader—just a memory! And, while we could get together and have a good cry over the old days, we are rather inclined to believe ours would be crocodile tears.

In the early days of Maryknoll, the denizens of the farm world proved to be interesting because they were novelties to most of the pioneers, brought up in the canyons of our great cities. And then, too, the subject could be novelly handled. But "trade's unfeeling change" has altered all that. Pioneering days have passed, and a capable regime now governs our various activities.



Chapel at Akron, Ohio

It was inevitable. The Knoll-top outgrew its infant clothing and, passing through a period of short pants and grunts, reached a maturity that looked beyond the farm to a unified marshaling of studies and administration. The lambs were led first to the slaughter, then the chickens, and finally the cows. A few commercial pigs invade the sty of yesteryear, and two plow horses supply atmosphere on occasion. The broken-down Ford has been succeeded by trucks, busses, and a few dignified-looking second-hand wheezers. And the only leaks

worthy of note seem to be in the treasurer's pocketbook.

This does not admit, of course, that there is no backstairs side of life at Maryknoll; there must be! But with administration separated from the Seminary, and the Brothers' houses twice removed, like our cousin in Ireland, your scribe confesses that few indeed are the whippers from below stairs penetrating the editorial sanctum.

Yet the spirit of pioneer days at Maryknoll lives on, and its tradition, we believe, makes the Knoll-top a unique place in its harmony and happiness. Come back, old-timer! You'll not find the cows and chickens roving the fields, but we like to believe that you will find the same hospitable welcome, assuring you that there still remains



what our friends call "the Maryknoll spirit."

LOS ALTOS— The name "Los Altos" is fast falling into disuse in connection with this Junior Seminary, and that of "Mountain View" is being given increasing preference. Why should so picturesque a name be fading away in favor of such a prosaic one? Certainly much of the romance of the early California missions is embodied in that Spanish name "Los Altos"—"The Heights." Mention of it seems to turn back the dusty pages of time and parade before our eyes the early Spanish conquistadors and Franciscan padres, penetrating farther and farther north through the little-known regions of California, toiling beneath the burning sun, crossing the new land's seemingly endless chains of rolling hills, and plodding across the hot desert with its vast stretches of dancing sands.

Then look at the name "Mountain View"—a view of the mountains. The name means exactly what it says and nothing more. Nothing romantic or picturesque, not a particle of the



Springtime at Maryknoll brings a clear view of the rolling Hudson. Fields are blessed for a plentiful harvest after trees have been snapped and sapped.

glamour with which the name "Los Altos" enchants you. Besides, there are thirteen "Mountain View's" throughout the country, but this is the only "Los Altos."

Briefly, then, here's our situation: we are in the town of Los Altos, and, while Los Altos has a post office, we are served by the post office of the city of Mountain View; and, while Mountain View has a parish church, we are really in the parish of Cupertino. Anyway, if you're sending a bill, send it to Los Altos; but if it's a bill of a different color, send it to Mountain View.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for April, 1940: For works of charity in mission lands.

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

THE ONLY SOLUTION

There would seem to be two possible ways of adjusting the differences that divide men, so that the people of the earth could be brought to live in peaceful and harmonious relationship. One is the patchwork business of making little practical adjustments in the difficulties that arise from time to time, and the other is the mutual acceptance of the deep underlying principles upon which the solution of any and all such difficulties should depend.

The world is getting tired of the first method, which has been applied ever since the world existed, and always with wretched results. People do not accept any common principles by which to adjudicate the clash of their divergent interests, and consequently every little practical difficulty receives a merely temporary solution that only eventuates in the creation of greater problems.

It is difficult to see how any better method can be found until people agree upon some formula that will bring them together through a common belief in certain basic essentials. The only thorough-going solution for the difficulties of this world is the set of principles that was revealed from the other world. That means the Christian religion, which was given to us for the very purpose of obviating these very difficulties and enabling people to adjust their differences and live in harmony.

If this is true, the mission work that seeks to extend the reign of Christ and the acceptance of His principles is the only movement that promises any serious and radical solution for the peace of the world. We believe that the outbreaks of open conflict in Europe and the Orient are merely further cases in point that illustrate the basic trouble. If we are engaging in what is really a battle of principles, there is no use skirmishing on the surface, but we must get down to something absolutely basic, and this is essentially the question of the acceptance or the rejection of Christ and His law.

Saint Paul described this conflict in even stronger terms when he said that our battle is not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers and the world of this darkness, signifying thereby that the real struggle is actually a contest between the most basic forces of the universe; namely, the forces of good and evil. We do not

mean that all those who engage in warfare are evil, nor even all those who engage in it on the side that is clearly opposed to the declarations of the Church and the principles of justice. We believe rather that those so engaged are being deluded and used unconsciously as instruments in a campaign waged by the forces of evil, to keep the world in a continual ferment and prevent the establishment of the reign of Christ with peace and justice. On this assumption the only real solution is to convert the hearts of men. Force is only a partial solution that leads in the end to more force, and we therefore see more hope for the world in the message of the missionary than in the machines of the military. The events that are paralyzing the world in our time ought to be interpreted by us as a great and insistent call to missionary zeal. The sound of guns will not cease to reverberate throughout the nations until the message of the Prince of Peace has permeated the hearts of all and silenced the clash of arms by the universally accepted appeal to reason and justice.

REMEMBRANCE

It is fitting to honor the heroic priests and Sisters who brought the Faith to America. Father Jogues, Mother Seton, Mother Duchesne, Father Mazzuchelli, Bishop Dubourg, Pere Marquette, Junipero Serra are names that make a litany to be recited with gratitude and pride. But little credit is given to the plain everyday Catholics in the pews of European churches who by their sacrifices enabled the missionaries to cross the Atlantic and plant the Cross in the wilderness. Twenty-one million Catholics in the United States today form a living monument to the value of European mission-mindedness.

PIONEERS FOR PEACE

There is still need for pioneers in the world and, above all, in the Church. The Holy Father has announced his deep desire to bring peace to the world, to replace the struggle and disorder that besets it, by establishing the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ.

Does he expect the world itself to do this—its selfish agitators, its mistaken leaders, its bewildered masses?

Will they bring equality and justice and charity to races and nations and men—and with them the foundation of peace? It is much to hope. Our Holy Father counts rather on the Church to do this—through its message, through its influence, through its extension, and above all through its sons and daughters who will man its army and storm the world for Christ.

If the peace of the world is something to live for, and if the happiness of its people is something to die for, there is still plenty of work for those who have the vision and the energy to pioneer. The work is not easy, and there is no acclaim or reward. But it is work worthy of a man—and of a woman—and it will supply to the world its gravest need, the peace of God.

ORDAINED FOR MEN

Among America's blessings is a clergy of which any country might be proud. The active zeal of good shepherds has been the characteristic cachet of our priesthood, and this spirit has given us a body of men who live with and for their people. Among their defects is not numbered the fatal fault of failing to realize that they were ordained for men. They are too close to the people for any alienation. Revolutions may come, and agitations may go, but no wedge will ever successfully be driven between those who are so strongly cemented in this intimate relationship of cherished father and faithful flock.

This is a glorious tradition to maintain, but the important thing to keep in mind is the element that will maintain it—the same element that created it; that same spirit of active zeal that marches ever forward, seeking new conquests for Christ. No people ever failed to respond where that spirit was dominant.

CUSTOMS AND HEARTS

There are more things to unite people than there are to divide them, but it is characteristic of human nature to emphasize the accidental differences and to forget the essential similarity. The tourist abroad expresses no surprise to find that the daily life and vital interests of his foreign hosts coincide exactly with his own, but he grows lyric over any slight variation in serving the coffee or ordering a taxicab. Is it such a grave crime to eat rice, wear a kimono, and be excessively polite. And if it is, does not the gravity consist in the simple fact that we ourselves have no such customs? Meanwhile, although the face above the kimono is that of a stranger, yet the heart that beats under it is that of a brother, and it feels and fears, loves and suffers, in very much the same fashion as our own. God has a big family, and all His children

are brothers, though not necessarily identical twins. God has a variegated garden, and all its blooms are flowers, though many have a beauty and a perfume of their own. God has a great heaven, but star differeth from star in glory.

MERRILY IN HEAVEN

Shortly after Easter, just four years ago, Maryknoll's cofounder and first Superior General, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, was called home to God. Naturally, the sense of separation and loss which accompanied his death lingered over Mary's hilltop, but with the years this has been dissipated as we feel and see the effect of his inspiration, his well-built foundations, and the efficacy of his prayers from beyond. Following, no doubt clumsily, in his footsteps, we continue our suffrages for the soul of Bishop Walsh until—in his own words—"we meet merrily in heaven." We ask the prayers of our readers, too, for our late Father General and for the Maryknoll he founded and loved so well.



Bishop Walsh's last farewell to the missions

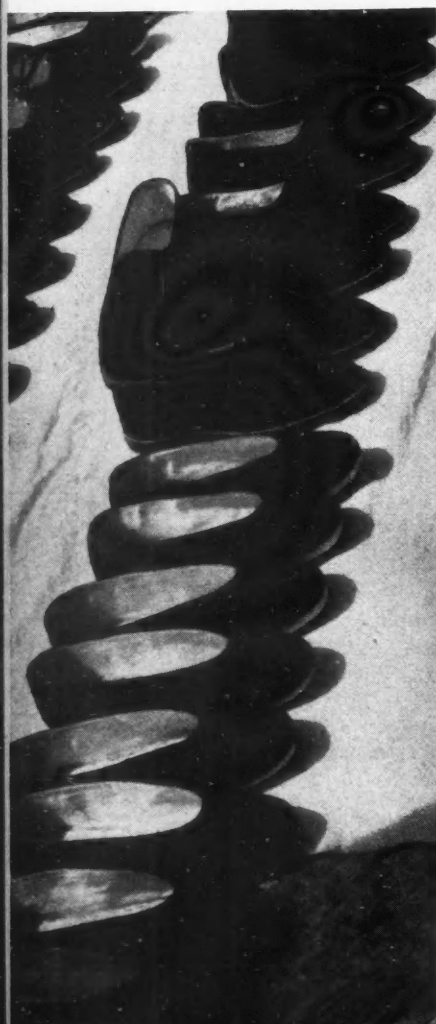


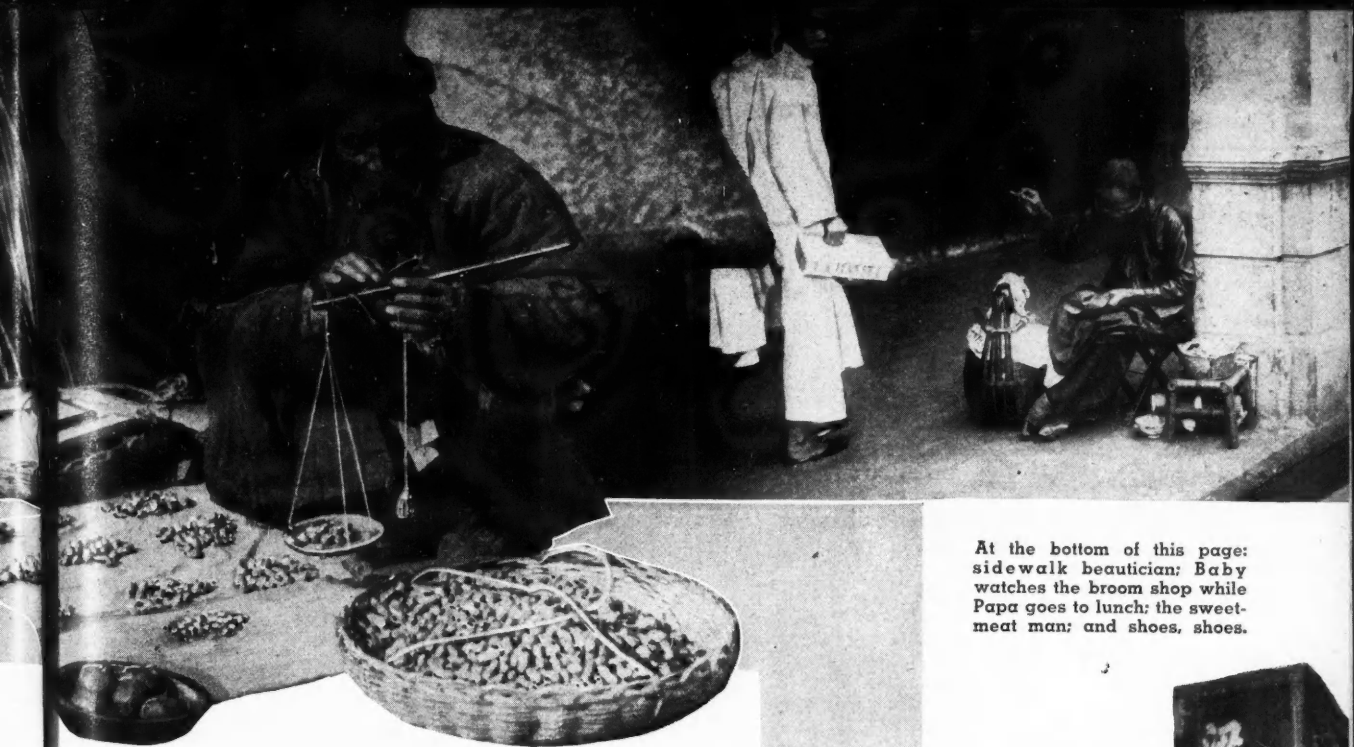
The four pictures across the top of this page show fishermen drying their catch on the sidewalk, a wayside restaurant, peanut vendor, and a curbstome seamstress.



SELLING ON THE CURB

In every city and village of the Orient there may be no anxiety over the bulls and bears, but curb selling goes on everywhere. Sidewalk merchants provide for all needs from abacus to zyme. Artists, barbers, chemists, and dentists need little space or equipment to attend to their clients. Eel's fins, gingered or hashed, vie with jellied kale and lobster meringue next to the necromancer's odeum. Plaited queue rooms are sunlit stairways, and trinkets of all kinds may be found alongside shoes and symphonic records. Tea-





At the bottom of this page:
sidewalk beautician; Baby
watches the broom shop while
Papa goes to lunch; the sweet-
meat man; and shoes, shoes.

pots, urns, and vases are in abundance, but windshield wipers, xylophones, and yachts are not so much in demand. The joy of sidewalk shopping is never to be found in roofed emporiums. Every curbstone merchant is delighted when passers-by stop to have a look-see and give advice to all concerned, no matter how embarrassing such a situation may be to the customer. Be assured—the merchant never loses, either in “face” or in cash. Then think of the overhead—only the deep blue sky—and not a headache in a junkful.





THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

THE BEST HEAVEN



THE first influx of refugees from Canton brought Precious Flower to Holy Spirit School. In all her short life, she had never before been away from Canton. For her the beauties of Hong Kong did not exist. In Canton there was a park which held for her all the treasures of the world.

"But look at the beautiful blue sea and the lazy sampans drifting along with shining sails!" one of us might say, thinking to ourselves that surely there was nothing so lovely in Canton.

"There was no blue ocean," she would admit, "but in the park there was a river—just a little river—and the grass on each side was so cool and green!"

We took her to the botanical gardens with their expanse of lush green grass, trees, and flowers of endless variety, and the central fountain and pond full of goldfish.

"But in the park in Canton there was a beautiful bridge over the river! And in all Hong Kong there is not a bridge!"

It was a serious case of homesickness, and life in a Catholic school was not easy. Precious Flower was an eager student and clever, but she hated Hong Kong, and she hated the strange religious doctrine to which she was subjected the first thing each morning. Her education

had been entirely pagan. Her parents were devout Buddhists firmly convinced of the superiority of Buddhism over every other form of belief.

A few months went by. Then one day Precious Flower, choosing a moment when no other girls were within hearing, said timidly, with almost trembling lips: "Sister, I want to tell you something. I want to be baptized, but my parents won't let me. What can I answer them when they say that the Buddhists have the best heaven?"

"The best heaven?"

"My parents told me that heaven is very big and is divided into many parts. There is a part for the Catholics, a part for the Protestants, and a part for the Buddhists; but the Buddhists have the best part. Sister, I don't believe in that religion any more. I want to be baptized. When I came to Hong Kong, I hated the Catholic religion, and I could not understand why we had to suffer so much. But now I can see a good reason why Our



When Precious Flower came to the Maryknoll Sisters' school in Hong Kong she was homesick for the marble bridge and the park in Canton. Now all these are merely memories as she finds lasting joy in (below) the Carmelite convent.



to the story of the Sisters who never go out, who fast so much and sleep so little, and pray so much for the grace of Baptism for all the people of China.

"Could we go and visit their convent sometime?" asked Precious Flower.

"Of course! Maybe we'll plan a trip there some day."

Weeks slipped by. I had almost forgotten the promised trip to Carmel. Then, one day in Lent, there was a timid knock on the classroom door. It was Precious Flower.

"I'm so glad you're alone," she said. "Sister, I want to tell you a secret! I want to be a Sister—the kind that never goes out—like The Little Flower."

"You know, Sister," she continued, "I have been living like a Catholic for a long time now. My mother permits me to go to Mass on Sundays, even though she does not like it. I always say my morning and night prayers, and I haven't eaten meat on Fridays once since you told us that Catholics do not eat it. I haven't eaten candy or ice cream on Friday, either, since you told us to offer something to Our Lord to thank Him for His sufferings. Do you think I can be a Sister?"

I watched and waited for a while, wondering whether a vocation to Carmel had really come to this unbaptized child of thirteen. Each week I became more and more convinced. I decided before school closed to take her to the Carmelite convent for an interview with Mother Teresa.

When the great day came, Precious Flower's great shining eyes were literally sparkling with joy. I was rather fearful for her.

Lord permits this war in China. It is His way of bringing me and many other Chinese people to know Him. If we had stayed in Canton, we should not have learned about Our Lord."

The beauty of the little park in Canton was beginning to fade.

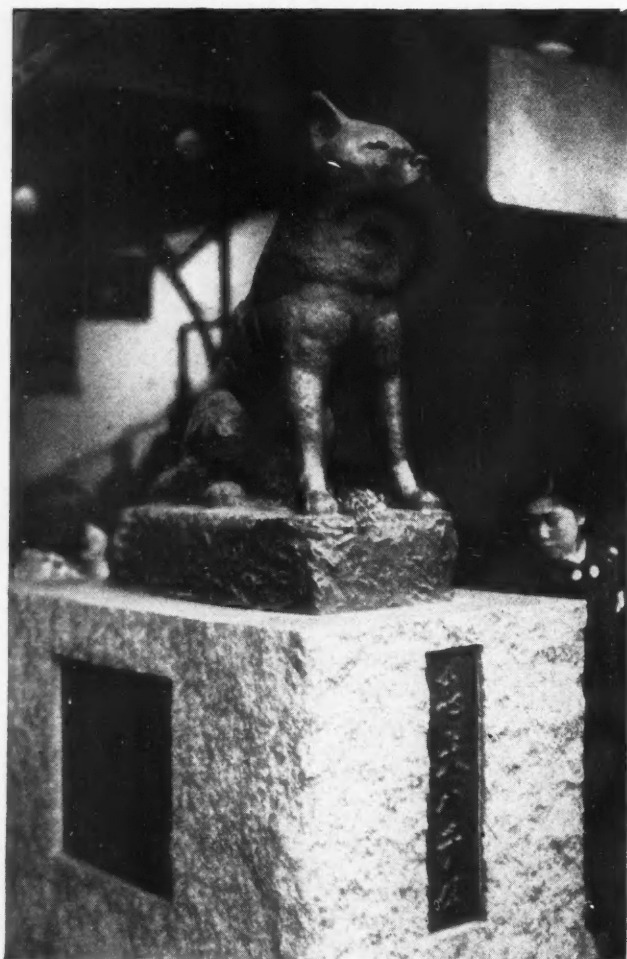
On the feast of The Little Flower, the life of this Patroness of the Missions formed the subject of the religion class. Precious Flower this day seemed to be listening even more eagerly than usual.

"Do you know," I asked the class, "that not very far away from here, on the other side of Hong Kong, there is a convent of The Little Flower's Sisters—the Carmelite convent?"

"Are they the Sisters that never go out? Oh, tell us about them, please, Sister. Never mind geography. We can make it up tomorrow." So they listened wide-eyed

I expected the Carmelite Superior to be prudently skeptical about a strange little pagan girl's vocation to Carmel. I prayed that the interview might further God's designs for Precious Flower.

(Continued on page 31)



DOGGED FIDELITY

When a man adopts a dog, that's not news. But the reverse won for Hachiko international fame and lasting honor.

HACHIKO, an ungainly pup, had ambled from his native province in the north, where the zephyrs are cool and refreshing, and came to sultry Tokyo, in the Shibuya district, to watch the home of, and become general factotum to, an Imperial Agricultural College Professor whom he had adopted.

So many folks fail to realize that, given half a chance and not treated like a dog, 'twill always be Doggie who does the adopting, for the greater love must perforce contain the lesser.

Anyhow, Hachiko adopted the Professor, and so for quite a while they lived happily ever after.

But pleasure mustn't interfere with duty. Every morning Hachiko would accompany his master to the station to see that he didn't miss his train and to give him a good send-off. Then, too, he soon got into the habit of strolling over there of evenings, around train time, to welcome his master back and to bring him home.

In fact, folks got to notice it; they used to praise Hachiko. But Hachiko didn't care a wag. It was the boss he came to meet.

One day, having seen the master off on time and watched around the house all day, Hachiko went at the usual hour to the station. But the master didn't show up. It seems he had been taken ill and had gone to a hospital. But Hachiko didn't know this and was quite puzzled. He waited around the station till late that night, before going back to guard the house.

The next day he trotted off to the station and waited patiently, but still found no master. Alas, poor master had died! He would never again greet Hachiko at Shibuya Station. But Hachiko kept hoping, kept going to the station every day, and waiting there all day. They closed up the old home and would have taken the dog away but for his own refusal to leave that station. Of nights he would stay with a gardener, near his old home.

Days, and months, and many long years went by, till faithful Hachiko grew famous. People would bring him food, praise him. Many wanted to adopt him. But nothing could turn Hachiko from his simple duty of devotion.

So famous did he become at last by this fidelity that a year before he died he had the unique canine honor of seeing a bronze statue of himself set up before the Shibuya Station. This statue was made by a celebrated sculptor, Ando San, and at the request of no less a personage than Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of Japan.

After seven long years of waiting for his absent friend, Hachiko was grown so old and feeble that one evening, after watching at the gates all day as usual, he just sought out a corner in the old familiar station and laid him down to die.

They gave him a wonderful funeral, just like a hero's, for the whole nation loved and mourned him. Telegrams poured into the station from everywhere, his statue was covered with fragrant flowers, and crowds of people paused to remark his passing. Never was the like before!

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

By Rev. John Fisher

To the Manchu, as to men the world over, "there's no place like home." He has no "Home, Sweet Home" to sing his feelings, but his sentiments towards his mud-walled, thatched-roof home are just as dear. Let us take a peek at a typical Manchu dwelling.

A towering courtyard gate creaks out and swings open in welcome. Within the courtyard is probably a quadrangle or at least three sides of a long, connected, mud-walled dwelling. As many as seven or eight families are harbored here. A fancifully designed paper window, a scuffed door in every ten or twelve feet of wall, are the noticeable signs of another home.

The door opens into a catchall, earthen-floored room. The winter's fuel and cooking utensils are apt to be lying around together. A barrel of water and a few vegetables are huddled about a tiny, sputtering stove. That is often the picture the visitor gets as he passes through to the little room at the side. Most of this little room is on an elevated, heated, brick platform, over a firing oven. Blankets are neatly rolled up out of the way. Foreigners often think of this heated platform only as a bed. It is more than that! The Manchus live their whole home life upon it: mothers sew on it; the children play on it; patriarchs tell tall tales on it; and the priest makes his

visit while perched on the side of it.

A visit to the one or two Catholic families in a given courtyard is almost as good as a visit to all the pagans therein. Later on, when they are grinding corn, one can hear conversation much like this: "Who is the Spiritual Father, anyway? What has a foreigner like that come over here for?" "He is telling people about a loving God and how they can attain an eternal life." So eternal verities are mentally hulled and ground along with the winter's meal.

Interior decorations, such as we know them, are few in a Manchu's house; but in most of the Christian homes in this district there is a picture of Father Jerry Donovan, their martyred pastor. It is always close to a framed picture of The Sacred Heart and one of the Blessed Mother; there may even be a little shrine, perhaps with candles and flowers. If the whole family is Catholic, the home is consecrated to The Sacred Heart.

As we bow out from such a poor but happy home, "Be it ever so humble" runs through our mind. Through the winding alley we go, past many a pagan home, and we cannot but hope and pray that The Sacred Heart will touch more of those pagan hearts with the light of faith, leading them on to a less humble and a happier home—their eternal one.





A SECOND SPRING

As a child, I lived in Feng Huang Ch'eng. My father was a literary man of a family known for generations as good and honest. Both father and mother worshiped Buddha. On reaching the age of reason I, too, became an enthusiastic Buddhist. When twelve years of age was sent to school and studied until sixteen years old. Then made a vow, resolving to observe virginal chastity for life and to disregard all affairs of the world. Time and again relatives and friends pleaded and exhorted,

Buddha a mistake, all life till now had been a delay. Now the puzzled heart was opened. Mind then understood. Begged cousin show the way to Catholic Church.

Entered the Church. Renounced Buddha. Confessed God. Cast off superstition for ever. With whole heart turned to God. Every day, besides praying, studied doctrine. On octave of *Corpus Christi* received Baptism from Great Priest Chi (Father Gilbert).

Yuan is gone, now Mary.

The conversion of a Buddhist nun, Yuan, told by herself, is translated by Reverend Edward A. McGurkin

parents scolded, but could not swerve me from original resolve.

In the spring of twenty-second year, with Cousin Lin Chao Shih, was introduced to nuns of South Peak Mountain Buddhist Monastery. Then I entered the Monastery. When twenty-five years old went to the Buddhist Monastery at Huai Jen. There chanted Buddhist prayers for more than twenty years, faithful to the original purpose, never neglecting it, every day meditating and praying, burning incense, revering Buddha, not bothering about other things, knowing nothing of commonplace affairs.

Recently heard for first time that Cousin Lin Chao Shih had renounced Buddha, joined Lord of Heaven's religion, recognized God finally. In heart, I felt great displeasure, no peace. To follow Buddha so many years, then suddenly to become Catholic—such inconstancy! Truly a pity!

This spring I came from Huai Jen to T'ung Hua, to talk and plead, persuade cousin to correct mistake, come back to Buddha. Never thought that after reaching T'ung Hua there could be so much difference between intention and act. Saw Cousin Lin Chao Shih, already a Catholic for several years, and she explained the Catholic doctrine. Truly with other religions, no comparison. Going up to heaven, or falling down to hell, for a person in life and death, this is very important. Heard and immediately understood all, realized former worship of

In America, crushed stone is associated with a stone quarry or a penitentiary. Here in Korea, women and children do that work. They squat alongside the road, and each worker has her own little heap, which represents not only the labor expended upon it but the few cents it will bring when sold to the authorities for road building.

When enough stone has been thus broken to make it worth while to sell, a little pony cart or perhaps a bull cart will drive up and carry the load to the officials, who pay no more (and a good deal less) for these handmade crushed stones than Americans would for the machine-made variety. I am told that a Korean can make all of thirty or thirty-five sen a day, doing this kind of labor. There is never the possibility of a strike here, where work is so plentiful and where there are so many willing hands to do it!

At the bus station in every village there is always a mad rush for the ticket window when a bus arrives at the railroad station some miles distant. First come are not always first served. I may stand directly in front of the window, waiting the arrival of the agent to start the sale of tickets. No sooner does the slide open than at least a dozen hands from nowhere, clutching coins or bills, wave frantically in front of me. Before I am aware of it, I am pushed four places back. A woman with a bundle on her head is determined to be first, if she dies in the attempt. There are others of her sex who are just as determined she will not be first, if they can prevent it, and they, too, will die in the attempt. The female of the species is more deadly than the male, but the latter is no violet when it comes to buying a ticket. The "survival of the fittest" applies here, if paraphrased to read "fightingest."

We poor Westerners don't stand a ghost of a show. We've got to be on our dignity; then again, we must remember we're missionaries and try to give a good example. After several experiences at a ticket window, it is amazing how one can put aside his dignity and use a right or left elbow to good effect. Everybody's doing it; and if you're going to get a ticket, step up and fight for it; and may the best man win—even if she's a woman!



KOREAN CLOSE-UP

By Rev. A. F. Allie



OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

Our note pages on men and things missionary

WHEN war was declared last September, some twenty-five hundred French missionaries were notified of their military obligations. Before any but an exceptional few could report, however, an interesting thing happened.

M. Mandel, France's Minister of the Colonies, recommended to his government that, in view of the valuable service which the missionaries could render in holding high the morale of the people among whom they labored, they be allowed to remain at their posts. Mandel's proposal was viewed with favor, and thus only a very small number of French missionaries are under arms. The British Colonial Secretary has adopted a policy similar to that of France, with the added circumstance that England actually permits certain German missionaries to continue their work in her colonies.

The Colonial Secretary, addressing himself to the International Missionary Council of the Protestants, spoke plainly of "the great importance which I attach to the maintenance in wartime of the various missionary activities in Africa."

Of the German missionaries, he says, "For the most part there has been no general measure of internment in the colonies, and colonial governments are considering individual cases on merits. I hope that in most cases it will be possible, in conformity with this policy, to allow enemy alien missionaries, of whose good faith satisfactory assurances can be secured, to continue their normal work, subject only to such special restrictions as may be thought necessary in individual cases."

Men have matured in the business of making war. In this second major conflict in a generation, there is not the hysteria which marked the war of twenty-one years ago. This is notable in some of war's byproducts. There are relatively few internments of missionaries, and there is less thoughtless ignoring of such things as the missionary enterprise which, while seemingly of little material importance, has such profound influence on men's spirits. One reason for this is a greater understanding of the importance of the "imponderables," of the close connection between what men think and what they do, of the power of Christianity to make men think high thoughts and to give them the courage to act according to those thoughts.

There is good promise now that, though the supply of new missionaries and of funds will be curtailed, the mission movement is not to suffer substantial harm through the war. Naturally, it is yet too early to speak with assurance.

THREE RELIGIONS IN JAPAN

On April first of this year the new law for the control

of religious bodies becomes effective in Japan. The act recognizes Buddhism, Christianity, and Shinto as religions of the Empire, and subjects all other religious societies to close scrutiny.

The new law puts great power in the hands of the Minister of Education and of the local governors. However, Catholic authorities are confident that the law will be interpreted in a good spirit and foresee no difficulties. An advantage of the enactment is the permission it grants to organize Christian communities as juridical persons, able to hold property and to enjoy officially the right of assembly.

OF KITH AND KIN

Let us understand it rightly. The Catholic Faith is not something which belongs to us and which we out of our generosity share with the Chinese and Indians and Africans, in such wise that these peoples are favored to hold in their grasp a precious possession which is ours.

No. The Catholic Faith is not ours in the sense that the non-Christian should feel prompted to say, "I have adopted your hats, I like your automobiles, and I appreciate very deeply your kindness in bringing me your religion."

No. Christ belongs to all. We have the privilege of knowing Him first, but tomorrow when He enters the Orient's villages and Africa's huts He is, from the first moment, at home. The Chinese owns Him; the African owns Him.

Father Joseph Lynch, National Secretary of the Pontifical Society for Native Clergy, has said some telling things regarding this phase of mission work. "Never does the Universal Church wish to appear as a foreign institution," writes Father Lynch, "but as a divinely instituted society, able to adapt herself to native conditions and to unite all men by the ties of a common Faith. For each nation, therefore, as for each individual, it is right to say: 'Christ's teachings are for me.' As the children of all nations are called to baptism, so are they invited to become heralds of the Gospel and dispensers of the mysteries of God among their own."

MARRIAGE IN FRENCH AFRICA

Slowly other laws are replacing the primitive social customs of Africa's blacks, and usually these aid the Church in building its Christian milieu. Many colonial officials are not greatly interested in the Catholic point of view but recognize the evils to the African peoples which spring from local practices.

As proof that progress is still at an elementary stage, it is interesting to note a threefold law enacted for French

West Africa during the past year: (1) marriage may not be contracted under the age of sixteen for boys and fourteen for girls; (2) the consent of both parties is indispensable for the validity of a marriage; (3) a widow may not be inherited by her deceased husband's heir.

The law aims to lessen the practice of bartering in wives. In primitive Africa, men wish to appear rich and powerful quite as among ourselves. They cannot boast of money, because nobody cares anything about it; it has existed only during the past few years since the arrival of the white man. No one has thought of priding himself on his land; the forest, the fields, the rivers belong to the tribe. In the past, therefore, men have turned to other things which they could count and parade: cattle, goats, wives.

LESSON IN HATRED That Asia's millions may know how some nominal Christians hate, German Jews have been forced to turn their steps toward the countries of the East. Some 500 of these refugees are in India, principally in Bombay and Calcutta.

Far more impressive are the shiploads compelled to go to Shanghai. Some 20,000 to 25,000 landed during 1939 in this city already overcrowded with other refugees. Certainly there should exist a fellow feeling among the exiles who find themselves shoulder to shoulder in that strange metropolis of the East. Russians are there, fled from the revolution of twenty years ago; Korean nationalists; Chinese; political outcasts of many countries in Europe; and now the Jews. To Shanghai has fallen a heritage from all the world's intolerances.

PRAISED BY JAPANESE EDITOR The editor of a Japanese newspaper has praised the work of the late Father Aime Villion, of the Paris Foreign Missions, who labored for seventy years in Japan. Inasmuch as the writer of the article is a non-Catholic, his words are especially significant.

"Father Villion may without hesitation be reckoned among those representatives of his calling who come close to the ideal of holiness," says the editor. And in comparing the priest with the Buddhist bonzes, he claims that the latter are far more self-centered and more aloof from the world. He likes better Father Villion's service to humanity, with humility and self-sacrifice. The missionary's contributions to literature, which treat mostly of the history of the Catholic Church in Japan, are also highly commended. What he considered most significant was a remark which Father Villion made towards the end of his life: "If I could become young again and have another eighty years of life at my disposal, I would travel a second time to

Japan and dedicate my whole life anew to preaching the love of God."

INVITATION TO FAITH

(Continued from page 6) land, and never have I heard before of the message which you bring. I and others with me feel that it is far easier to travel the road of which you speak. May we ask that you send us a teacher who will stay with us and tell us more concerning this road?"

I could not hide my happiness at so sincere a request. I was light-hearted indeed on the journey home and could hardly wait to tell Monsignor the good news. Could a catechist go at once?

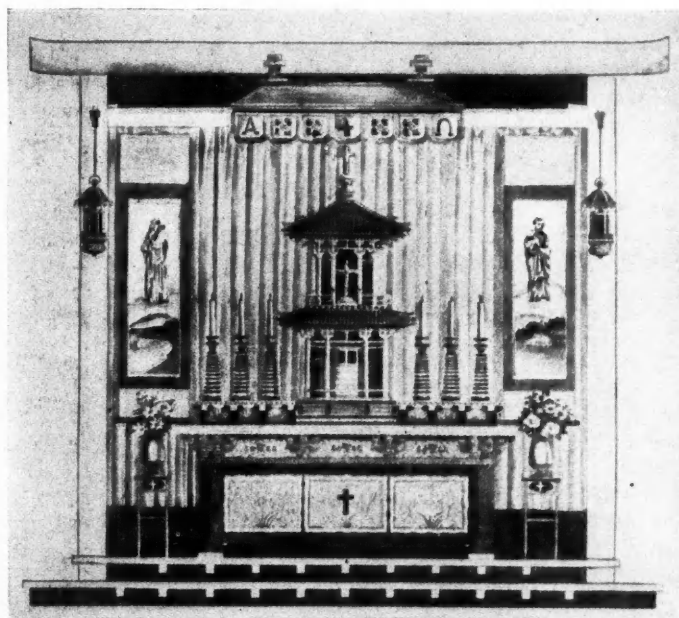
But the Monsignor only sighed—a rather tired sigh—and I saw he hesitated to break the bubble of my hopes. "I'm afraid," he said, "that we shall have to wait. After all, a catechist must live, and just now I can see no means of providing one with his daily sustenance. You know things are high, and the mission purse is low. We'll just have to wait—and hope!"

"But," I pleaded, "all those 'swell' people asking to study more of our doctrine—surely such a small sum—"

"I know," Monsignor replied, "and I realize full well what it may mean if we cannot accept the invitation. Just as soon as we have the means we'll certainly supply a catechist."

I walked away—and my castles in the air, like falling leaves, came tumbling down about me.

Then I saw Monsignor going to the chapel, and I joined him, convinced that there we should find the answer. There must be a way!



Japanese altar for the Vatican Mission Exhibition

AMONG OUR FRIENDS



Nurses' Home, Misericordia Hospital, Philadelphia

SPONSORS and other friends of Maryknoll contribute in lightening our financial burden to a considerable extent, and we like to assure them often of our gratitude. Their contributions are for our missionaries' material needs, and the sacrifices entailed add not a little to the spiritual benefit of both.

But Maryknoll has been underwritten from the beginning by several groups who, lacking finances themselves, have directed to us a great spiritual support without which we should never have been able to continue. Principal among these have been the Carmelite Sisters of many convents. The death recently of Mother Augustine at the Santa Clara, California, Carmel recalls the frequent emphasis made by our cofounder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, on the valued help which he and Maryknoll received from the daughters of Saint Teresa. Mother Augustine was stationed in Cambridge when Maryknoll was founded, and through the infant years of our young Society Bishop Walsh credited to her many of the results which had been attained only by prayer.

Other communities of Carmelites, Poor Clares, Little Sisters of the Poor, and many cloistered communities have followed us in like manner. One group—that of Mother

Hyacinth's community, Monastery of the Mother of God, Springfield, Massachusetts—spiritually adopted the Yeng-you mission in Maryknoll's Heijo (Chosen) Vicariate. Maryknoll realizes full well that missionaries need "dollars for the doing," but we are convinced that we need prayers more. To all our spiritual benefactors we say a fervent "Thank you!" and pray for your continued support.

FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR We record with sorrow the death of our friend and neighbor, the beloved founder and Father General of the Society of the Atonement, Father Paul James Francis. The death of Father Paul at Graymoor, early in February, brought to a close a career that was notable in achievements in the field of religion and charity. The venerable Franciscan had a deep love for all mission activity, manifested particularly in providing with funds many who labor for souls afar. Maryknoll sympathizes deeply with Graymoor in its loss; we ask the prayers of our readers for Father Paul's soul.

NURSES The young ladies of the Nurses' Training School at Misericordia Hospital, Philadelphia, have an active mission club. When the Propagation of the Faith Director in the Quaker City proposed a

Among our friends in Dublin



THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

I think *THE FIELD AFAR* is a wonderful magazine—and I *do* mean "full of wonders"! I enjoyed immensely the lovely scenes and the pleasant boat trip which preceded the entrance of a missionary into his "New Pasture." I laughed at the sly way in which the "Barber Evangelist" got his customers on the subject of God. I thought that "Bright Nature" was one of the dearest small persons I have ever seen. I sympathized with the missionary who could not keep the horse which someone thought was an elephant. And that was a lovely picture of Maryknoll above the crucifix.

I have often wished I might be able to enter more actively in your work, but I am lame and deaf. However, I have chosen the missions for my life work, and I will help as much as I can, by prayer as well as with what money I can muster. God has been so good to me in allowing me to help, even a little, to reap a harvest of souls.

I am in my last year of high school and cannot at present help as much as I should like, but perhaps later on, when I am working, I shall be able to do more for you.

—C.E., Massachusetts

leper fund in memory of our late confrere, Father Francis J. Connors, the nurses of Misericordia supplied a great part of that fund—\$400.

One nurse—and she remains unknown even to us—sponsors a missionary for fifteen days each month, while a group pool their meager resources to provide shelter for the lepers of South China.

Our gratitude to these angels of mercy and to their superiors, the Sisters of Mercy, for their continued apostolic zeal.

We wish we had space enough to print all the letters we have received from our three young friends in Ireland—Martina, Elizabeth, and Bernadette O'Neill. Their zeal for the mission cause finds them speaking before adult groups and so persuasively that the missions have benefited financially to an extent that, at first glance, seems incredible. We had quite a time wheedling this picture of the three little missionaries, but since they have been able to wheedle so many pounds from their elders they confess they enjoyed our use of the same tactics. The example of the O'Neill colleens could well be emulated by our American youths.

THIS contribution completes the

payment for my Perpetual Associate membership. It makes me happy to know that, even after I am gone, prayers and Masses will be offered up for my father's soul. Now that I have got into the habit of making this monthly sacrifice I hope to be able to keep it up. I only hope that others may know the joy of so participating in your glorious work.

—M.J.A.—California

STOP THIEF! Our readers tell us frequently how much they enjoy *THE FIELD AFAR*, but one of the greatest tributes, we think, is a letter received recently: "Our house was broken into—all our money was stolen—but worst of all, the thief took our copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*."

It leaves us in somewhat of a quandary. It's possible that the poor

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Most Rev. J. H. Tihen; Rt. Rev. J. Cunnane; Rev. L. Remele; Rev. J. Glenn; Rev. J. Lahey; Rev. G. Apel; Sr. M. Germaine McNamara; Sr. M. Adelaide; Sr. M. Placidus Durkin; Sr. M. Elizabeth Manion; Dr. C. McCarthy; Mr. A. Seiler; Mr. M. Coughlin; Mrs. M. Kenneally; Mrs. M. Davis; Miss T. McNamee; Mrs. K. Falvey; Mrs. K. Dunne; Mr. J. Ziegler; Mr. F. Flynn; Mrs. A. Rosa; Mr. J. Ryan; Miss H. Shea; Miss M. Hickey; Miss H. Verhoeven; Mr. J. Yackel; Mrs. A. Gabler; Mrs. M. O'Connell; Mr. J. Elble; Mr. A. Weber; Mrs. M. Weber; Mrs. M. McKeever; Mrs. M. Daly; Mrs. R. Fogarty; Mrs. J. Brink; Mrs. J. Barna; Miss K. Molloy; Hon. J. Fitzgerald; Miss A. Burns; Mrs. M. Griffin; Miss J. Flemmig; Mrs. M. Hollis; Mr. M. Flynn; Mr. F. Meegan; Mr. J. Davling; Mrs. E. Sullivan; Mr. J. Lyons; Mr. J. McGinn; Mr. F. Klein; Mr. A. Keefer; Mrs. J. Jennings; Mrs. M. Chapoton; Mrs. L. Bender; Mrs. R. Corr; Dr. P. Seibel; Mr. P. Sutton; Mr. A. Nelsen; Mr. J. Fino; Mr. & Mrs. P. Smith; Miss M. Smith; Mr. J. Horan; Mr. A. Kieve; Mr. G. Bixon; Mr. J. Searor; Mr. J. Finnegan; Mr. T. Goetz; Mr. L. Boyd; Mr. J. McGuire; Mr. P. Somers; Mrs. M. Moser; Mr. Ridge; Miss M. Shaidnagle; Mr. D. O'Connell; Mr. S. Doyle; Miss M. Foley; Miss D. O'Leary; Mrs. M. Stahl; Miss M. Mullins; Miss M. Dineen; Miss A. Mullen; Mr. E. Hughes; Mrs. F. Green; Mrs. O. Tobias; Mr. J. Butts; Mr. J. Kaiser; Mr. D. Reagan; Mr. J. Reilly; Mrs. F. Lahey; Mr. J. McCullough; Mr. F. Reding; Mr. M. Pristopher; Mr. J. Bonett; Mr. P. Baker; Miss M. Farney; Mrs. M. Degan.

fellow was a "constant reader" who couldn't afford to renew his own subscription, didn't want to miss even one issue, and took just enough money to pay for a Perpetual Membership. Our own *Hairlock Shoames* is investigating.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL The adage concerning

a will does not refer to what we have in mind, but still it may be paraphrased: "*Where there's a will* forgetful of God and His Church *there's* not much of *a way* to help the missions."

Among our friends are many who, having begun their will "In the name of the Father," have carried the thought on to that Father's work which Maryknoll is doing for souls. Friends in Massachusetts, Michigan, and New York, who remembered us in their wills, have notified us of their intention; and from California, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Wisconsin came announcements of wills matured. These friends believe in providing for eternity in a way that must be very pleasing to God. If you, too, wish to be mindful of your own apostles and to help provide for them, write for our booklet, "The Making of a Catholic Will."



Henry

ON THE MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT

HEIJO, CHOSEN Korea's "Henry" heard about Easter eggs and ran home as fast as he could to get a big basket. Stumbling into the mission courtyard just as the people were coming out from church, "Henry" created quite a picture—waiting. "Did she lay any eggs?" the little fellow asked one member of the congregation. "Who?" he was asked in turn. "This new chicken the children are talking about. . . . Eggs all colors—blue, yellow, red, purple! They said the American man told them about it. It happens only once a year. I want some for my mother." When the matter was reported to Father J. Joseph Daly, who, incidentally, caught the pose, he was able to satisfy "Henry" with a handful of candy eggs from a "home"-made Easter basket. "Henry" is only half-skeptical now, but his interest in the candy-egg hen promises a return engagement at the mission.

DAIREN, MANCHUKUO A Japanese military officer, newly arrived in this port city, came to inquire the hours of Sunday Masses. The Young Men's Study Club happened to be in session at the time, so the officer asked if he, too, might attend the meeting. When a reference was made to the Japanese martyrs a young man asked who the martyrs were. The army man, preventing an answer by Father Edmond L. Ryan, the pastor, answered, "What, you don't know the Japanese martyrs?" "No," replied the young man, "I am not a Catholic." "Ah, I see! Well, reading about the Japanese martyrs brought me into the Church. Meet me on Sunday after Mass, and I shall have some information for you that will prove interesting." True to his word, the officer came with a list of the martyrs and a short history of each. "Read this," he said, "and you will most surely want to practice that religion which drew such courage from our own countrymen."

KWEILIN, SOUTH CHINA During the last few months, life in this mission centered around the air-raid siren's warning. Rising was earlier, in expectation; comings and goings were timed with it; meals were hurried in anticipation or missed altogether because of it. But it had its good effects: it brought the missionaries out into crowds they might, otherwise, not have met; into groups of students, merchants, beggars, young and old, who are ever ready to inquire politely into the foreigners' reason for being among them. So did the siren help in the work of God.

PERFUME ROCK VILLAGE, CHOSEN The Reverend Timothy Pak, lately arrived from his ordination in Rome, celebrated his first Solemn Mass in this native village last Sunday. This village has seen big weddings, funerals, sixtieth-birthday celebrations, but Sunday's celebration was the *premiere* of a First Mass. As is the case in many Korean villages, practically all the residents are inter-related, so Sunday saw white-robed members of the Pak clan dotting all the roads of Perfume Rock. An outdoor altar was erected to accommodate the crowds. The young priest was assisted by Father Hugh Craig, as deacon, and Father Leon Harter, as subdeacon. A banquet and reception followed the Mass, at which Father Pak's grandfather, parents, brothers, and sisters held the place of honor. The young priest begins his ministry as curate to Father Craig, who encouraged him in his vocation and took him to Rome in 1932. A long, fruitful life to Father Pak!

KOCHOW, SOUTH CHINA In the nearby village of Che'ung Paan, a chapel, recently erected, was blessed last week by Father Arthur Weber. Some months ago a catechist was sent to this village in answer to a petition from a group who wished to study the doctrine.

From top to bottom there is joy and happiness in the missions of Manchukuo and Chosen. (a) Three new postulants for the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a native community being trained by the Maryknoll Sisters in Fushun. (b) Father Escalante baptizes a large group at the Manchu mission, Dairen. (c) London Bridge may be falling down, but these children of the Maryknoll school in Heijo are not saddened thereby.



While the farmers were in the fields during the day, the catechist began building a church. The remarkable thing is that the faithful catechist—himself a salaried man—took the cost of building entirely upon himself and never asked the mission of Kochow for any support in that work. The man's example is bound to have a far-reaching effect, for when the Chinese see another of their countrymen expend some seven hundred dollars of his own for a building which will not be his, they are certain to ask the reason why. The answer will undoubtedly start investigation of the religion which could prompt such generosity, and eventually lead to embracing that Faith.

FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO Missioners in the Vicariate of Fushun labor among the native Manchus, Japanese, and Koreans. In the Chinese and Korean missions, devotion to The Sacred Heart has been encouraged, and many families spend the night in continuous Holy Hours—each in its own home. The Japanese missions have initiated the practice of one day a month to be set aside for adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, beginning usually on the evening preceding the First Friday of the month. Members of the married men's and young men's confraternities volunteer for the nocturnal-adoration group, while the women of the parish are present during the day until the evening Holy Hour. The people of the three missions are pleased with the devotions, which must be pleasing, too, to the Eucharistic Heart of Christ. May their prayers and sacrifices draw many others to the feet of the Eucharistic King!



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA "Michael, formerly Masao" was introduced to our readers in September, 1937. At that time he told the reason for choosing his name: "Michael fought on God's side." Friends who were interested in Masao will be glad to learn that Michael is to graduate from Loyola this month.





THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

MARYKNOLL :: NEW YORK



BOOKS - PAMPHLETS - STORY LEAFLETS - MAGAZINES - PLAYS - EXHIBITS - FILMS - BOOKS

AROUND THE MAYPOLE. The axis of this good old earth of ours is the original Maypole, a kind of perpetuity of the youngness of things, a sort of pledge of the love of life that makes the world go round. From time immemorial, immortal youth has danced around our Maypole to the tunes of love's ancient pipings. Wreathed with flowers and smiles, beating time to the rhythm of hearts, the Maypole whirls in never-dying gayety. For the Woodcarver of the original Maypole intended it thus, that all the people of the ages should go in unison together around and around His Maypole, not off on narrow little tangents but describing large and unbroken circles, all living and breathing and laughing and dancing as one harmonious company of dancers. The Maytime ballet of the spring that comes on forever! It is a glorious thing to dance about the Maypole!

This is the freedom and the liberty of the children of God—that they may dance all around the Maypole of earth's axis and find themselves always in the company of their fellow dancers, always in good fellowship as their loving Father means they should be.

Who broke the spell of our magic dancing, our tradition from the beginning of creation? There have been wallflowers all down the ages who want to stand still, or who are afraid of the fun of once in a while having their too-tender toes stepped on.

But it is not in original man to want to remain among the wallflowers. Oh, no. He is a social being and a lively being and a dancing being. Though he be old in sin he wants to reclaim his youth, so even the old pagans kept on dancing around their Maypole in search of something men came to only when the aging centuries B.C. merged into the young centuries A.D., and the beginnings of an eternal spring of joy started to come on forever.

May Day originally was a religious festival of old pagan Rome, celebrated in honor of the goddess of fertility, Maia.

When the Mother of God and not the daughter of the gods was crowned Queen of men's



Fr. Connors, apostle to lepers.

hearts, May Day and the Maypole knew at last what they had been destined for.

With Mary, Queen of the loveliest season in all the year, men knew why they went into the springtime woods and gathered flowers for crowns and boughs of trees for their shrines and Lady bowers. Men knew why their unenlightened, less fortunate ancestors danced aimlessly around the Maypole without ever seeing What they were searching for in their midst. When the vision of the real May Queen stood in their center, they knew they could go on forever dancing about God's Maypole, rejoicing that what they

sought they encircled and had and held as their own.

There are modern pagans today who go around the Maypole in the same half-listless way their puzzled pre-Christian ancestors did. They will never get anywhere until a master of ceremonies steps into their Maytime festivities and points simply to Someone they are looking for and dancing for right in the midst of all their pleasures.

To the peoples of the earth who, whether they will or no, must go round God's Maypole, the masters of ceremonies, the missionaries, come to direct, enliven, cheer their goings and comings.

Among those of us who have been taught so well to dance around the Maypole there are some whom God would appoint to direct the dancers of other lands.

There is great talk these days about leaders. We look for leaders among our boys and girls in order that we may, ahead of time, prepare them for future leadership. Leaders in the sense of boys and girls to become apostles—religious or lay—are paradoxes. They may be bold or they may be shy, they may have an inferiority complex or they may have the superiority kind. Whatever they are or whatever they have, God sent them dancing about His Maypole for a quite definite purpose; namely, the salvation of their own souls and those of their fellow-dancers. Some of them will go far in describing their Maypole circlings in company with far-away peoples; some will dance in a smaller circle near at hand. But wherever they dance and however, neither we nor they

can discover their positions in the May dance without first asking the Maker of Maypoles and dancers about their positions in this age-old, world-wide ballet. The asking, as you know, is done in prayer, in reading, and in conferring with more experienced dancers.

We have a scheme whereby dancers may recognize their Maypole positions. First: a new booklet, *Private Novena for Vocations*, for Maytime use especially. Second: books telling about other Maypole dancers who danced through life—how and when and where—biographies of apostolic men. Third: plays giving an active portrayal of Maypole dancing by famous apostolic dancers of past ages. And here is one suggestion bursting with colorful possibilities, for you:

Make your May Day in school or parish also a Mission Day, by costuming your boys and girls in costumes of the various races of the earth.

Then start them dancing about your own particular Maypole on the campus or in the playground. They will catch the idea of the Maypole—a sociable, merry gathering of the human race, where all races are one, with God their Father, and Mary the May Queen in their midst.

PICTURE PAINTING

(Continued from page 9) gans to a strange foreigner!

At first the pastor at Kosai did not grasp the significance as I walked in with a pair of handlebars; but, when he got a good look at my clothes and hands, he understood what had happened. It was already past supper time, so internal repairs were considered to be most urgent. The cook, who is one of the best in any of our missions, prepared a remedy in the form of a very good supper. While it was being prepared, I had a shower.

Next day my bicycle was repaired, and I started off again. An occasional drop of rain from a cloudy sky augured ill, but I could wait no longer. About eight miles out, when the rain came down hard, I parked under a tree and said my office and beads. An hour later the rain had let up considerably, so I started off again.

Seven miles from home, who should come along but my faithful servant Simon, with an umbrella tied to his "bike." I asked him when he left Masan, and he said when it began to rain. I looked at his clothes and believed him. What good an umbrella could do, I do not know, but it was another testimony to Simon's generous, self-sacrificing spirit. He may make mistakes of judgment, but his heart is golden.

The last few miles it poured, but with home in sight it mattered little. Simon excused himself to dash ahead so that he might prepare my dinner. Before he left, however, I told him several times that he must change his clothes first; otherwise he would not have bothered about himself until he had attended to me. In fact, just as I was coming up to the house, he was about to come out in his dry clothes in order to help bring in the bicycle, but I motioned him to go inside.

A sick call for Han Tchyen, about seven miles away, awaited my return. As a bus goes there and the call was not too urgent, I left a few hours later, after packing the Mass kit so that I might say Mass for the Christians there the next day.

As the evening sun descended, leaving an orange glow that seeped out to purple clouds, and the spring moon rose to shine through a wooded crest in the east, the pale light threw a halo over the landscape, and the glow seemed brighter for the deep shadows. So the Divine Artist paints His pictures.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

(Continued from page 19) After I had explained the purpose of our visit as carefully as I could, I excused myself and went to the chapel to pray in order to leave Precious Flower alone with the Mother Superior.

"Yes," said Mother Teresa when I returned, "I think she is called to come to us. But she is only thirteen. She must study a few years more—two, perhaps—and then we shall see. If she cannot get permission to be baptized before she comes, she can be baptized here when she enters. In the meantime she must study hard and imitate The Little Flower, who practiced holiness in the world while she was waiting to enter Carmel."

And now Precious Flower of Canton goes about with a new light in her eyes, as she thinks of the secret locked tight in her heart. The little park in Canton, the stream, the lovely green grass, and the little bridge are far from her thoughts, now turned to Carmel.

The turmoil of war! Strange blessing that brought Precious Flower to our door! "How unsearchable his ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord?"



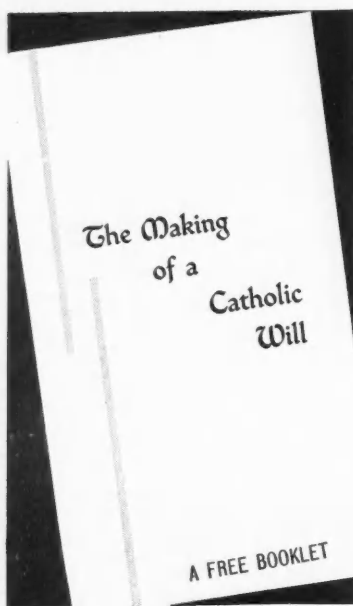
SKY HIGH

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

I should like to help take your SKY-HIGH bills down a notch by supporting a missionary for one day. Send me a dime card and cards for friends.

Name

Address



Spring and Summer Catalog

NEW BOOK

Life of Father Jerry
Donovan, Maryknoll's
first martyr

NEW PAMPHLET

Private novena for
mission vocations



Send a copy of your
Spring and Summer
Catalogue to:

Name

Address

The Maryknoll Bookshelf
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS SCHOOLS FOR BOYS—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,
Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,
West Chester, Pa.

COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College,
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College, Meramec St. &
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.

Marymount College & School,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Milford, Conn.
Junior College and Academy of the
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.
Marycliff Academy,
Arlington Heights, Mass.

Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Fall River, Mass.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,
226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-
Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,
Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Mater Misericordiae Academy,
Merion (Phila.), Pa.
Villa Maria Convent,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St. Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

SCHOOLS OF NURSING—

St. Camillus School of Training,
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of
Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET :: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted
by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Aca-
demic Department—High School Course of
College Preparatory Grade, Elementary
Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture.
For Catalogue address: The Secretary.

ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Sem-
inary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.
Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:
Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
Mountain View P.O., Cal.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal., 222 S. Hewitt St.
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.
San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan Bautista, Cal.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic
Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Prov-
ince, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll,
Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters

Central Addresses

Motherhouse and administration:
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsu-
kuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kow-
loon, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Kongmoon wants a chapel at Sun Chong. \$500 will build it.

At Au Poe in Kaying Vicariate a church costs \$1,500. Little enough, but Bishop Ford cannot seem to get it.

HELP WANTED

Chinnampo, in Chosen, has had so many conversions that *another* church and rectory are needed—\$4,000.

Help wanted in ending Kyoto's building depression! Three churches are needed, and the land alone costs \$10,000. Can you help in part?

Rebuilding schools in Kweilin is a problem. \$750 will solve one such.

SCHOOL NEEDS

\$15 a month will support a native catechist in Wuchow—and they employ one hundred.

Ten mission schools in Kaying each need \$250 a year to keep going. SOS (Save our students!)

\$500 will build a catechumenate at Fa Chow, Kongmoon Vicariate. Bishop Paschang is straining his eyesight looking for the where-withal.

Fifteen Fushun prayer schools need \$100 a year support. That's right—\$1,500 a year.

Needed for Shingishu's (Chosen) overflowing, little red country schoolhouse, bursting like the Old Lady's shoe—\$2,000.

MISCELLANEOUS WANTED

Six country chapels at \$300 each are needed in Wuchow Vicariate.

At Nishijin, Kyoto Prefecture, a vacant lot awaits a church for three hundred faithful. \$2,000 will help greatly.

Building a convent and equipping it in the Fushun Vicariate requires \$800; four convents are needed.

The center mission at Kweilin, completely destroyed, must be rebuilt. Three gifts of \$2,000 each—or any part thereof—will be welcomed.



Chinese chapel at Fresno, California. Few of the churches in our missions can compare with this sturdy chapel, but it presents an ideal that is worth-while.



SKY HIGH

Maryknoll missionaries by the hundreds; converts by the thousands; chapels, schools, orphanages, and dispensaries, send souls heavenward—and bills sky high. You can help to take things down a notch, and keep our missionaries' feet on the ground by sponsoring one of them at \$1 a day. Think what it means: that day—or any number of days on which you are the sponsor—holds for you a share in all the labors and prayers, victories and crosses of your missionary. A coupon, for your convenience, may be found on page 31.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll P.O., New York

